

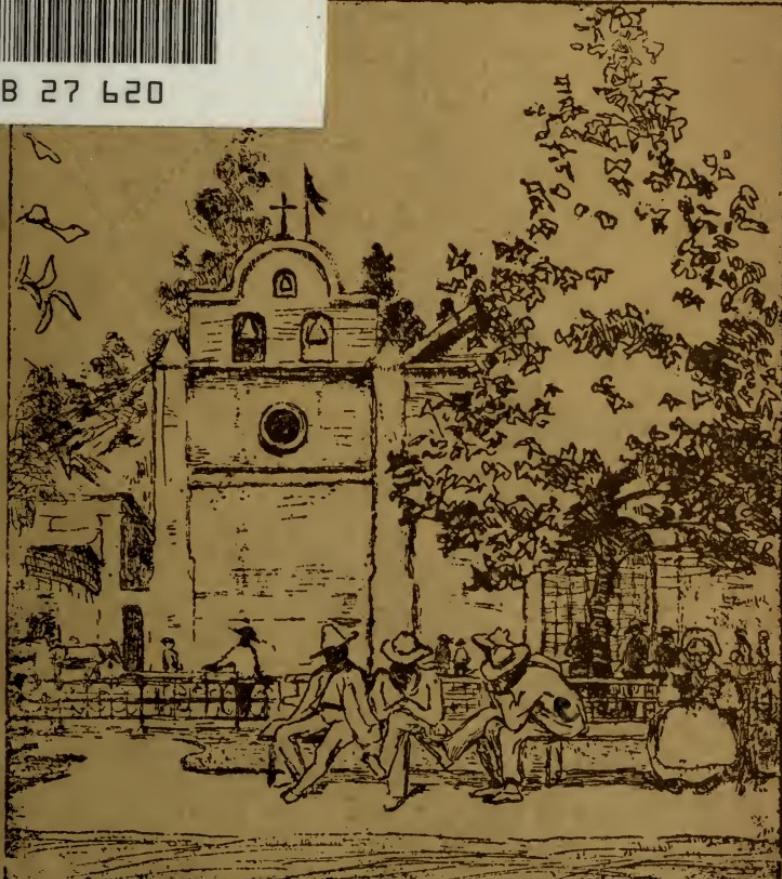
# LOS ANGELES

• FROM • THE • SIERRAS •  
• TO • THE • SEA •

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"La Plaza de Los Angeles".

Marion Holden Pope.

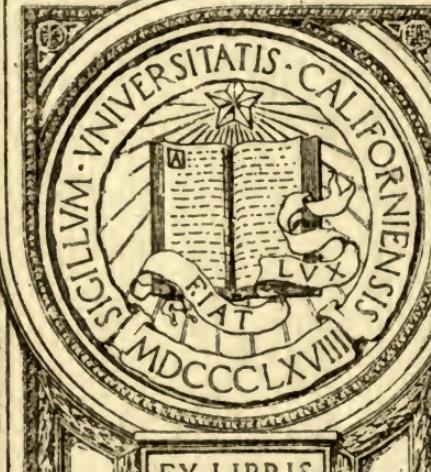
ETCHINGS AND DRAWINGS BY  
MARION HOLDEN POPE

POEMS BY  
CHARLES FARWELL EDSON

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# Los Angeles

From the Sierras to the Sea

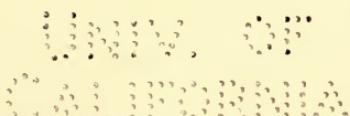
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Etchings and Drawings by  
Marion Holden Pope

Poems by  
Charles Farwell Edson

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Warren T. Potter, Publisher  
Los Angeles



*Clare Farwell Edson*

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Charles Farwell Edson

THE WIND  
BLOWING

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**Ty**pograph**y** by Taylor's Printery

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## Our Sierras

**P**risoned in icy kiss, the ocean mists  
Whiten Sierra's peaks of  
rugged stone

Then melt in joyous crying of the clouds  
And all the glory of the fiery sun.  
Our human city with prophetic eye  
Looked to the good of men for years  
to come;

Gathered the crystal drops in reservoirs  
Then slipped them down through concrete  
and through steel.

The mighty mountains store for good of all  
What dewy clouds take from the willing deeps;  
Sweet air-filled drops, Almighty's distillate  
That swells the seeds, washes man's filth  
away

For thus the living water comes to bless  
Then turns again to breast of Mother Sea.



"Our Sierras"

Marion Holden Toole

## Cahuenga Pass

This was the King's Highway where  
Dons of Spain  
Cavorted on their richly saddled steeds;  
Where creaking, rough carretas, oxen hauled  
Went slowly through the pass in calm  
content.  
The pious Padres in their gray-cowled gowns  
Walked on this way with not a thought of  
self  
Save that expressed in Mission good of all  
That soon went down before Man's  
selfishness.  
The King's Highway the Padres gave to us  
And we, high priests unto a great ideal  
Made Queen's Highway by giving women  
rights  
That had accrued through Man's fight to be  
free.  
Thus each trail widens to a flowing road  
Where all Humanity can go in peace.

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"Cahua Pass"

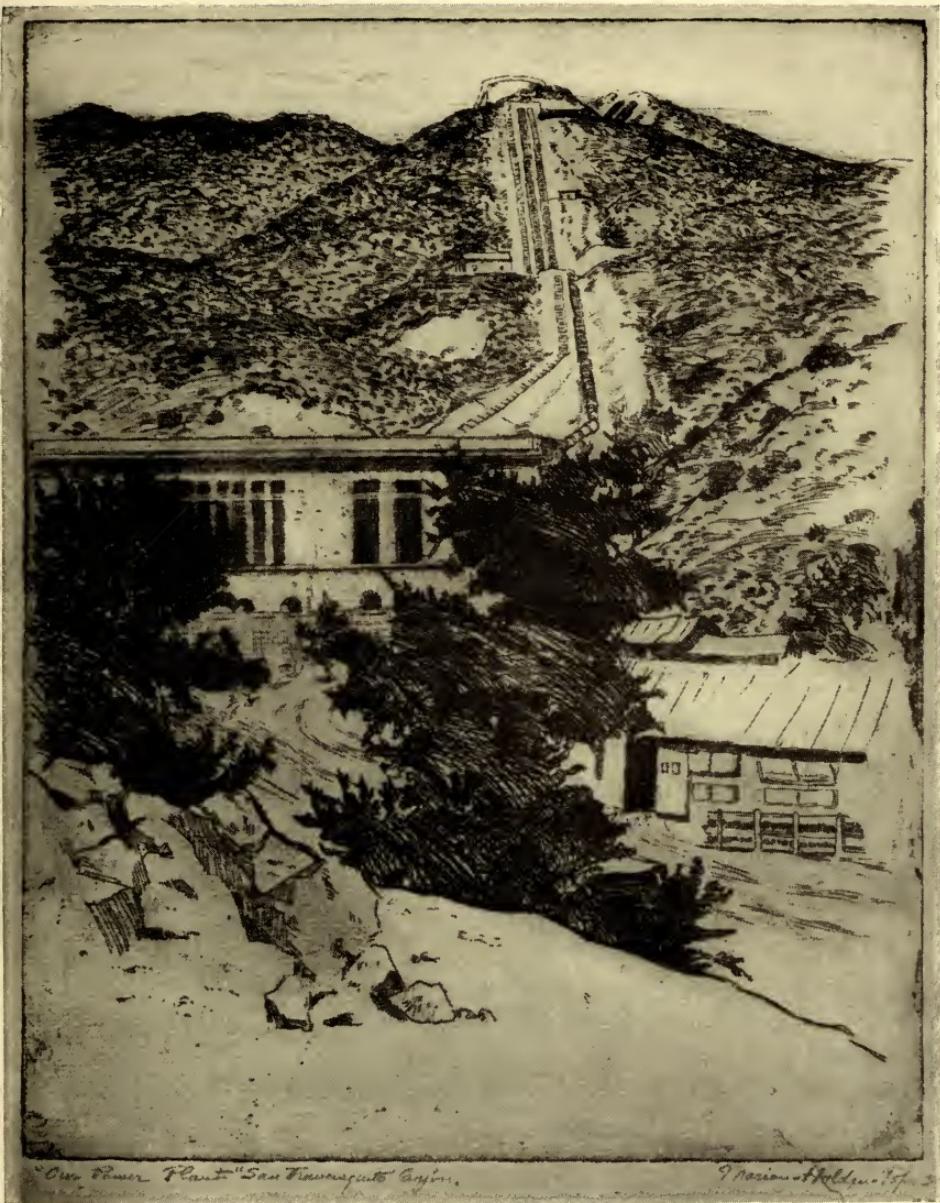
Maurice Golden Pye

# In San Francisquito Canon

Our bold dreamers with a torch of Hope  
Spotted an honest man in time of need;  
Asked him to build a mighty aqueduct  
And here it stands in perpetuity.  
His Irish honesty burned in the breasts  
Of all who followed him in confidence  
And God's white coal will give to this fair  
town  
Light, heat and power with the water flow.  
No greater monument was ever raised,  
Running from High Sierras to the Sea  
And future generations of our blood  
Will bless the men who made this city, Free!

=====

In this wild canon yellow grains of gold  
Were first found by a Californian.



"Our Power Plant" San Joaquineto Canyon.

J. Marion Golding Jr. 3

THE VINE  
AND CROWN

## La Brea

**M**ore than a hundred thousand years ago  
Huge monsters roamed these thickly  
wooded hills;  
Were caught in asphalt beds, held unto death  
And we can reconstruct their skeletons.  
Another hundred thousand years some life  
May reconstruct the bony frame of Man;  
Will wonder how it lived and what it ate  
For they will live and feed upon themselves.

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"La Boca"

Maurice Halaber, Tope -

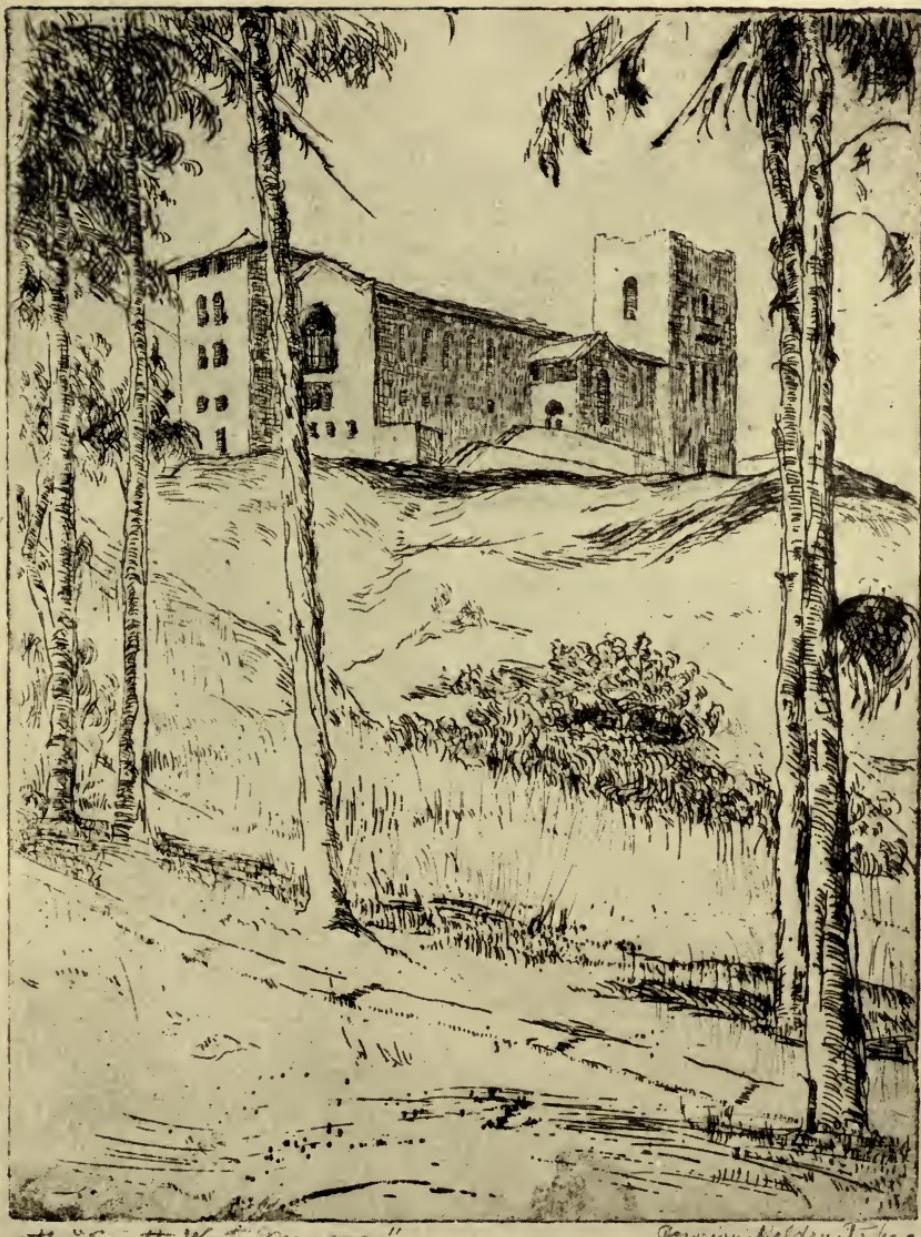
TO MUSEUM  
SWITZERLAND

## Southwest Museum

"Catch your Archeology alive"

The founder of this mausoleum said  
And in the quiet of these plastered halls  
The bones of many pasts are kept on view.  
We build our sturdy palaces of stone  
To outlast all the buffetings of time  
But hardly have we boasted in our pride  
Before our dreams are scrap-heaped,  
useless piles.

Nothing endures but Life's evolving round  
Of growth, decay, to fertilize new growth  
And from the lush urge of our eagerness  
A larger humus rots to fecundate.



The "South. West. Dwsearn."

Bonwick. Halden. T. 10 -

THE VILLAGE  
AMMORPHIA

## Municipal Golf Links

Men live like rats in modern offices,  
Burrowing all around the cheese of  
trade;  
Slavers and Slaves to ugly God of  
Greed  
Who play at golf to ease their frenzied  
minds  
Then lift their eyes to life-renewing hills  
For further strength to toil and grab again.

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"The Golf Links - Griffith Park.

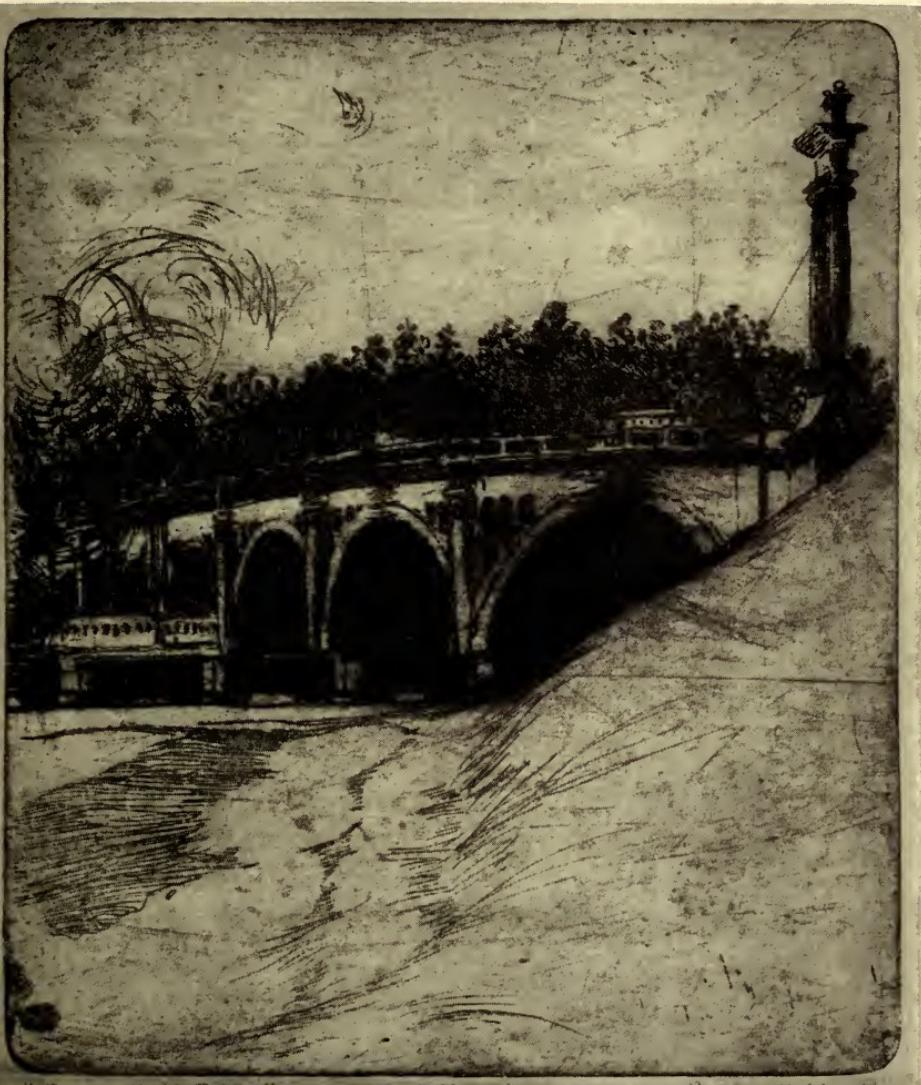
Marian Holden Pope

THE  
MALL  
AND  
THE  
CITY

## Buena Vista Street Bridge

**H**ere flows the river of Los Angeles;  
The railways run beneath the arching  
bridge;  
Elysian Park, a rest cure for the soul  
Guards the wide gate that lets the tourists  
in.

The patient footman, soon forgotton horse,  
The auto trucks, the costly motor cars,  
Street cars, steam cars, aeroplanes pass by  
For so we go on land or in the clouds.



"Prairie Park Bridge"

Marysville, California

# North End Broadway Tunnel

**A** Poor, old, lost adobe hugs the hill;  
All of the friends of youth have passed  
away;  
The plaster has begun to leave the walls  
Above the common realty sign, For Sale.  
The shining cars speed fast beneath the hill  
Where Fremont flew the Bear Flag of  
this State  
With Stars and Stripes of these United  
States  
To tell to all the world our coast was Free.  
Yet custom, breeding, tie us to a wheel  
That is revolved by shaft of antique laws  
Run in the woof of temporizing codes  
And theologic creeds that know not Christ.  
The Past and Present! Will the Future  
dare  
Cut through dense walls so that we learn  
The Truth!

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"North End Broadway Tunnel."

Marion - Holden - Poole

# La Reina de Los Angeles, 1781

The Forsters, del Valles and the Picos.  
Sepulbedas, Morenos, Coronels;  
The Lugos, the Serranos, Alveras  
Were called to mass by these old mission  
chimes.

The Plaza was alive with prancing steeds;  
Gay Senoritas smiled behind their fans  
In black mantillas brought from far-off  
Spain,

For Church and State held their Fiestas here.  
But now the jangling street car drowns the  
bells;

The Plaza circle swarms with Mexicans;  
The old church draws up closer to Fort Hill  
As though it feared this touch of modern life;  
And well it may for God is but a name  
Where minted metal rules the world of men.



"La Riva de Los Angeles"

Marius Holden et fils

## Main and Fourth Streets

**T**op and down the crowded streets they go,  
Hard rock men who built the Aqueduct;  
Muckers and concrete mixers, rough  
and strong,

Well browned by dry Mojave's burning sun.  
The Interurban cars block narrow Main  
And glaring picture shows and bold saloons  
Mulet lonely men in from the silences  
Where circumstances make or break a man.  
Salvation Army and the Volunteers  
Sing raucous hymns to turn them toward  
the Christ;

God knows they need it in this moil of greed  
Where we quote men in terms of stocks and  
bonds.

Men and the Game! A snatch for die-stamped  
signs!  
And all one gets is Food, some Clothes and  
Sleep!

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"Farmers & Merchants Bank."

Martin Holden Pope

## Central Square Fountain

**C**he haughty pigeons beg so daintily;  
They strut and coo just like us common  
folks;  
The sunlight rainbows each round falling  
drop  
Of water that is splashing in the pool.  
And here men sit and argue while they sit;  
Condemn the Government, the way of it;  
Settle the great, complex affairs of State  
To their content, such is Democracy.  
The air of Freedom is so sweet and new  
That all they sense is right to criticise.



"Central Square - Guantánamo,

Marlow Haldane Topie

## Oil Fields

The derricks stand, bald monuments  
to trade;  
Up through earth's crust we pump  
the hidden oil;  
Rush here and there with force it generates  
And wonder at the earthquakes in our wake.



The Oil Derrick

Marion H. T. Jr.

# Down Broadway from Temple

**B**lindfolded Justice sits, a sombre thing  
In courts of men who quibble over Law!  
Here also are the records of our age  
In written books of transfers and of trades.  
Far down the street an outgrown City Hall  
Where our wise Solons talk efficiency.



# Down Spring from Fifth

**T**hey called it Primavera, those old  
Dons  
Whose language is rippling, tripping  
song  
But when the Gringos came they named it  
Spring,  
A closed and unresponsive substitute.  
This is the bankers street where men of  
might  
Build marble office piles to house their  
wealth;  
Make slaves of men with paper chains of  
bonds  
That run for tens of years, so they be safe;  
And yet this business world of ours has  
need  
Of all the printed forms that stand for gold;  
Bills of exchange, the daily checks of trade,  
The give and take through central clearing  
house;  
We play our parts, lenders and borrowers  
Until Almighty God strikes balances.



The Alexandria in Spring Street,

Mardon, H. & Son, Jr., Sc.



## Central Square

The happy trees wave in the sea sent  
wind  
Drawn from the up-draft of the heated  
plains;  
The weary people throng the cement seats  
To catch a breath of country in the town.

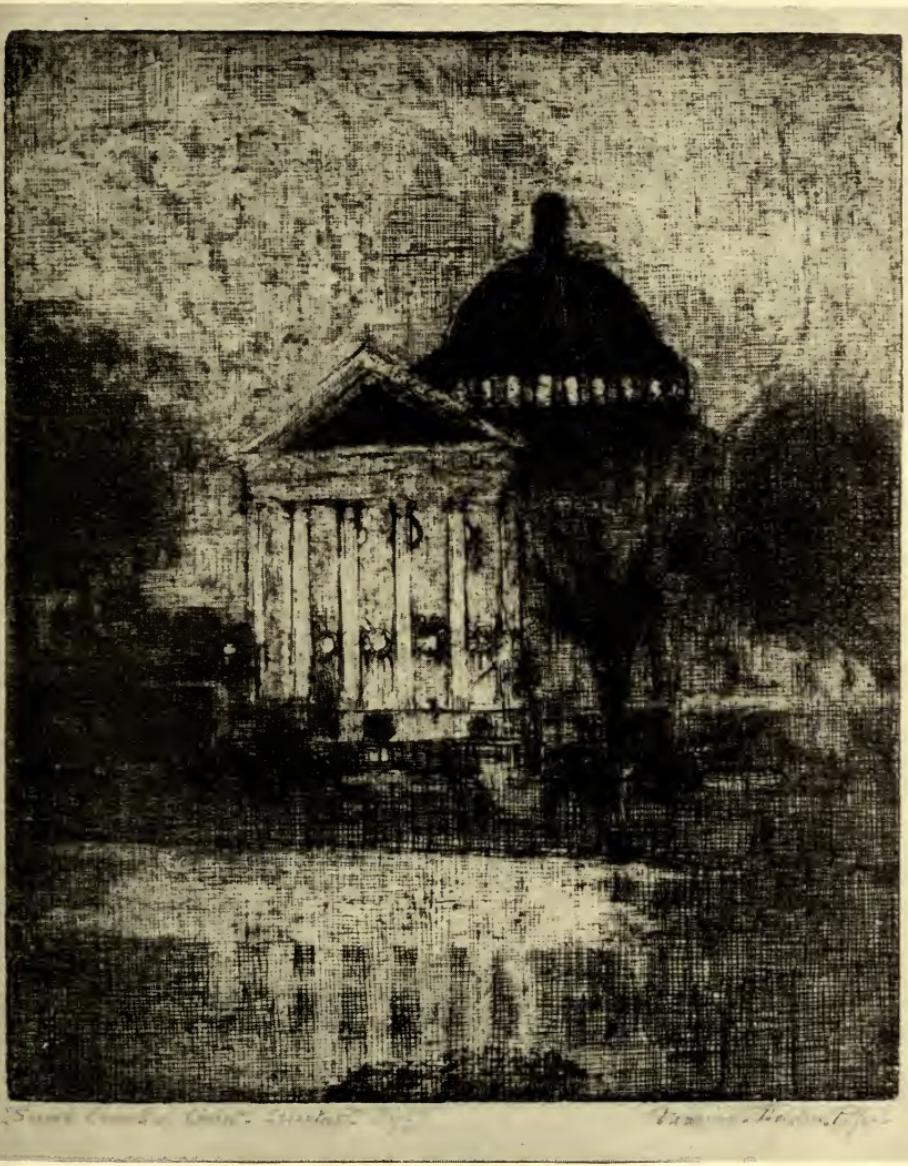


Central Square

Mazon, Holden, Pape -

## Second Church of Christ, Scientist

The slow evolving progress of mankind  
Is marked by broken shackles, every-  
where  
And now the Science of the things Christ  
taught  
Is laid down for the use of those who care.  
Unselfish Christ who owned no foot of land!  
Loving the poor who had such need of it!  
Driving the money-changers with a scourge  
When they defiled the holy Temple steps.  
But this creed stands for Life's Duality;  
The He and She of nature's graciousness  
And giving Christ love with no thought of  
self  
Will make a heaven of this coin-mad earth;  
His Law of Service fused in glow of Love  
Will let the light through sombre veils of  
creeds.



## The Temple of the Home

In all the lands that front the mighty sea  
Stretching from stern Gibraltar to Suez  
You find old temples, ruined or in use  
To varied Gods, queer products of mens  
faiths.

But we, new worshippers at modern shrine  
Pray to that God who formed this scheme of  
things;

The clean creative urge that blends some two  
To reproduce, that their kind live again.  
With light of Love the altars are ablaze;  
The acolytes of Joy swing incense rare;  
The good High Priests of Knowledge chant  
a mass

Caught from the Angel Choirs of Poesy;  
The temple bells are happy childrens songs;  
The holy records, imprint of our souls.



W. Adams Street.

From a sketch by T. H.

## Up Broadway from Seventh

This is the woman's street and day by  
day

They throng the walks in ginghams  
and in silks;

Dainty and debonair, lonely and rich  
They ride in limousines or walk on foot;  
Poor weary mothers dragging worn-out  
boys;

A flock of school girls down from L. A.  
High

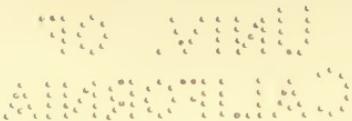
While far beyond in clear-cut afterglow  
The peaceful mountains marvel at our haste.

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"Up Broadway from Seawall,"

Marion Hollister Tapo.



## Railroad Tracks

The modern steel Trails come at last to  
camp  
Here by the sandy, washed out river  
bed;  
Linking us all to each far land of earth  
With chains of Finance, Commerce and of  
Trade.  
And in this greater Brotherhood of Man  
Will grow a New Earth, born to Human  
Needs;  
Not bound by steel but ministered for Him  
Who taught the Wondrous glory of The  
Love!



The Southern Pacific tracks

Merton Holden Toper

THE WALL  
ALLEGORY

## Sycamore Grove

**T**inder the live oaks shade the mockers  
nest;  
The sprawly sycamores lift from the  
wash;  
The city din is lost in nature's calm;  
The wildwood bids the nervous people wait.



"Sycamore Grove"

Maurice Hulbert

## Elysian Park

You climb the rain-washed sandstone on  
a knoll  
Past spidery gumtrees swaying on  
thin stems,  
Beyond the grey-green spruces in a cleft  
Of hills. Far off the hazy mountains stand  
Serene and calm in waning light of day;  
The scented wind from out the fragrant pines  
Caresses each tired cheek with touch of balm.  
The little dirbs (wee minstrels of the sky),  
Sing jocund songs of all earth's good to  
man.  
Soft-footed night steals up the still ravines,  
Leaves you alone, at rest, in peace, with  
God.



The Lake of Geneva

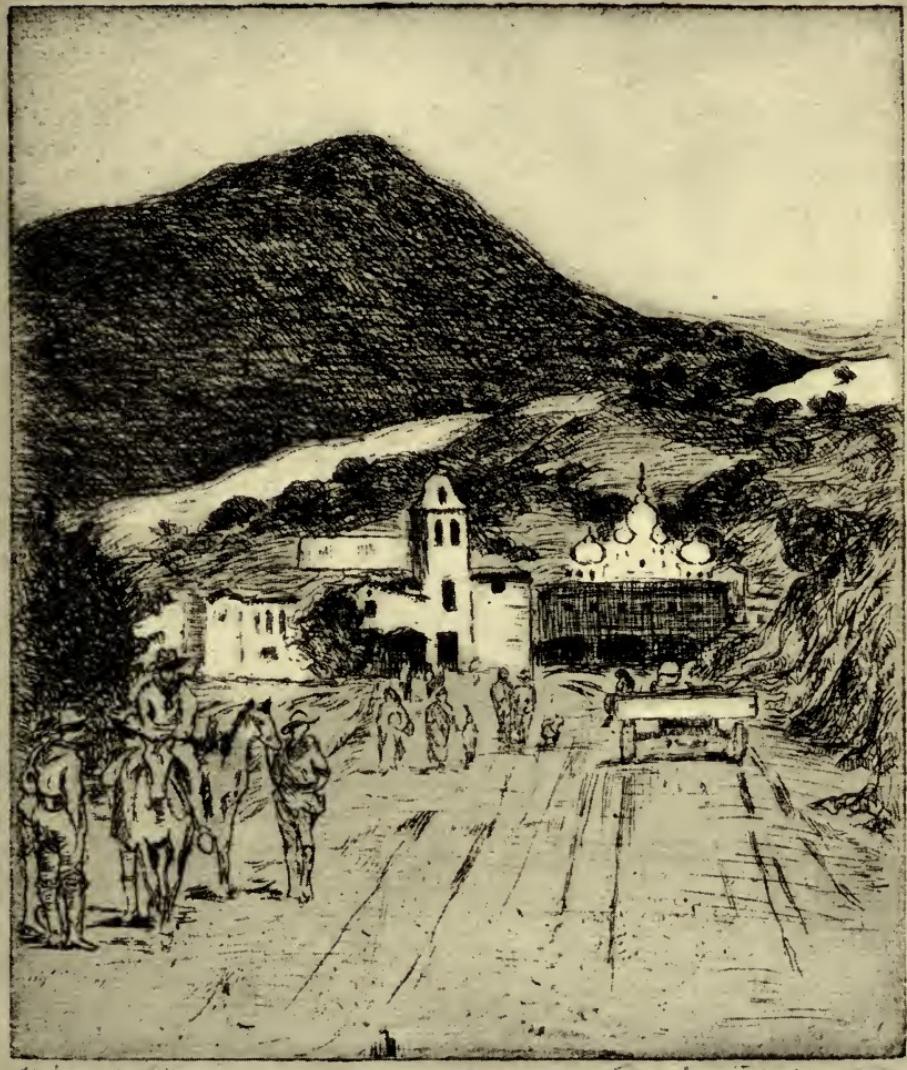
# Universal City

Past of a thousand years, built yesterday!  
Shell of a dream, reborn at mere  
caprice!

A mushroom growth from spawn of vagaries  
Thrown to the winds by poet alchemists.  
The movie stars shine in this firmament  
Fixed for a fleeting time upon Life's screen;  
Silent as yet, but soon Art's witchery  
Will catch their voices for posterity.  
All far-off lands are brought before your  
gaze;

Hobos and Kings upon equality  
And each quaint phase of God-made earth is  
here

Seen through a film, not darkly, but alight;  
The World a Stage! Humanity the Play!  
And no drop curtain falls until Life dies.



Mineral City

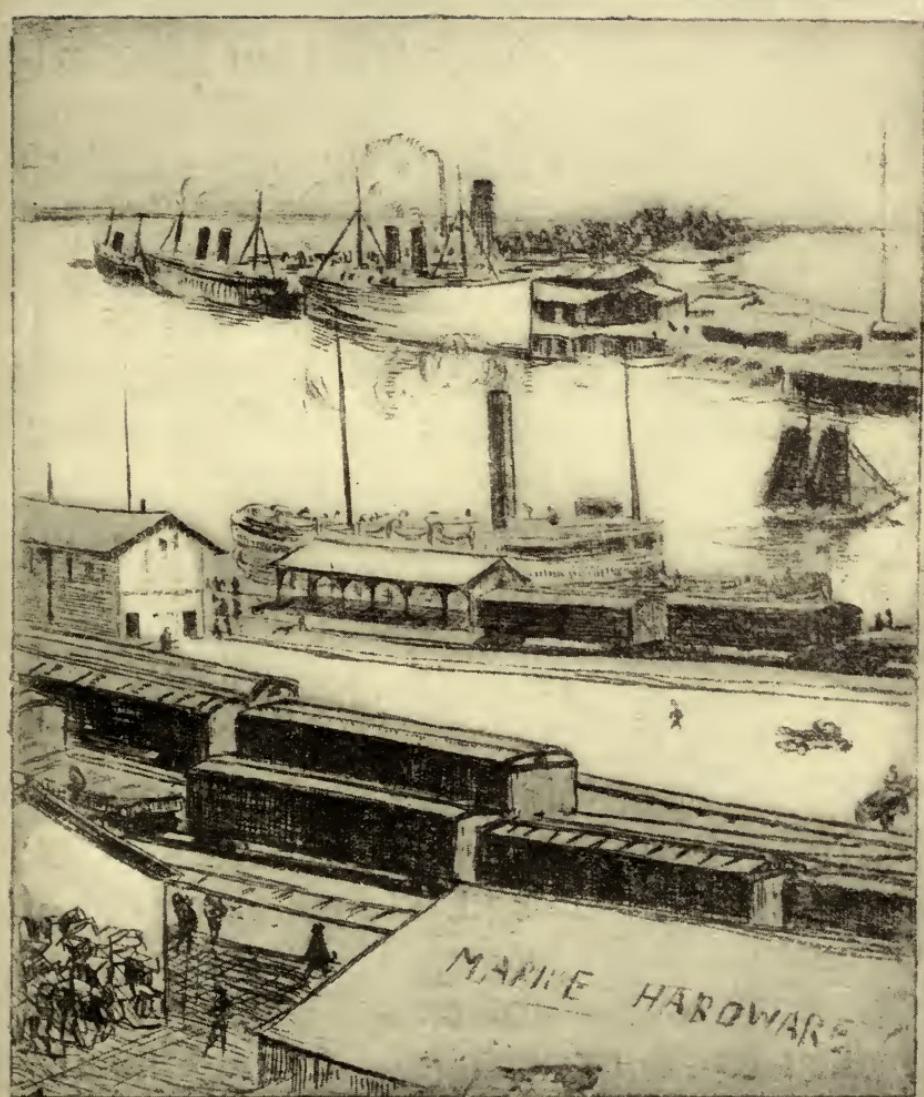
Thomson Hodson, Etcher

## Inner Harbor; San Pedro

They sucked the age-deep silt through  
tubes of iron  
And made new land to hold the  
warehouses

Built by a strong municipality  
To save for all the unearned increment.  
The cargo boats and steamers of the lines  
Ply up and down from far Alaska's cold  
To torrid Panama's tremendous gash  
And each pays some small tribute to this  
port.

So good Saint Peter saves the souls of men  
With yellow gold, our standard of this life.



Union Martine - San Pedro

Marion Holden-Peter

# The Keeper of the Light

I See strange sights from out my steel-ribbed shaft;  
The fishing boats by hundreds seek the deep;  
The white-winged pleasure yachts flit on the bay;  
The moving picture sailors plough the main  
With land-legs that are fearful of the sea;  
The stately boats that carry passengers;  
The lumber schooners down from Oregon;  
The mighty liners up from isthmus way;  
The sugar boats from Honolulu's shore;  
The warships with our flowing Stars and Stripes.

But more than this I see the bay alive  
With boats on boats in cargo to all lands;  
A greater fleet built in this good southwest  
Where men and women are forever free.  
The ocean waves broke high above my light  
Driven by southeast wind in misty blasts  
But in the haze that covers distant plains  
A finer people grows than earth has seen.

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"The Harbor"





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